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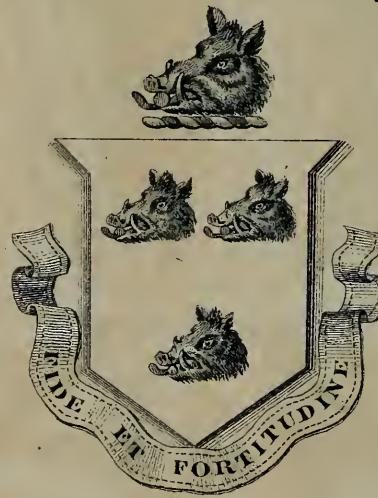
Accessions

151.439

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*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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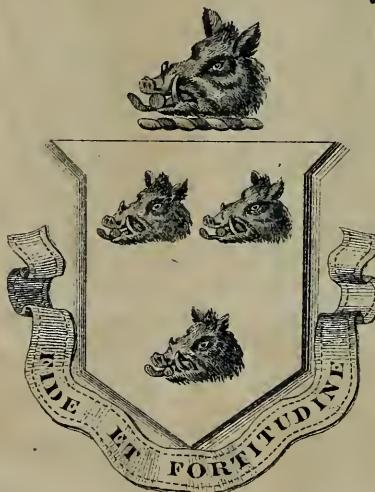
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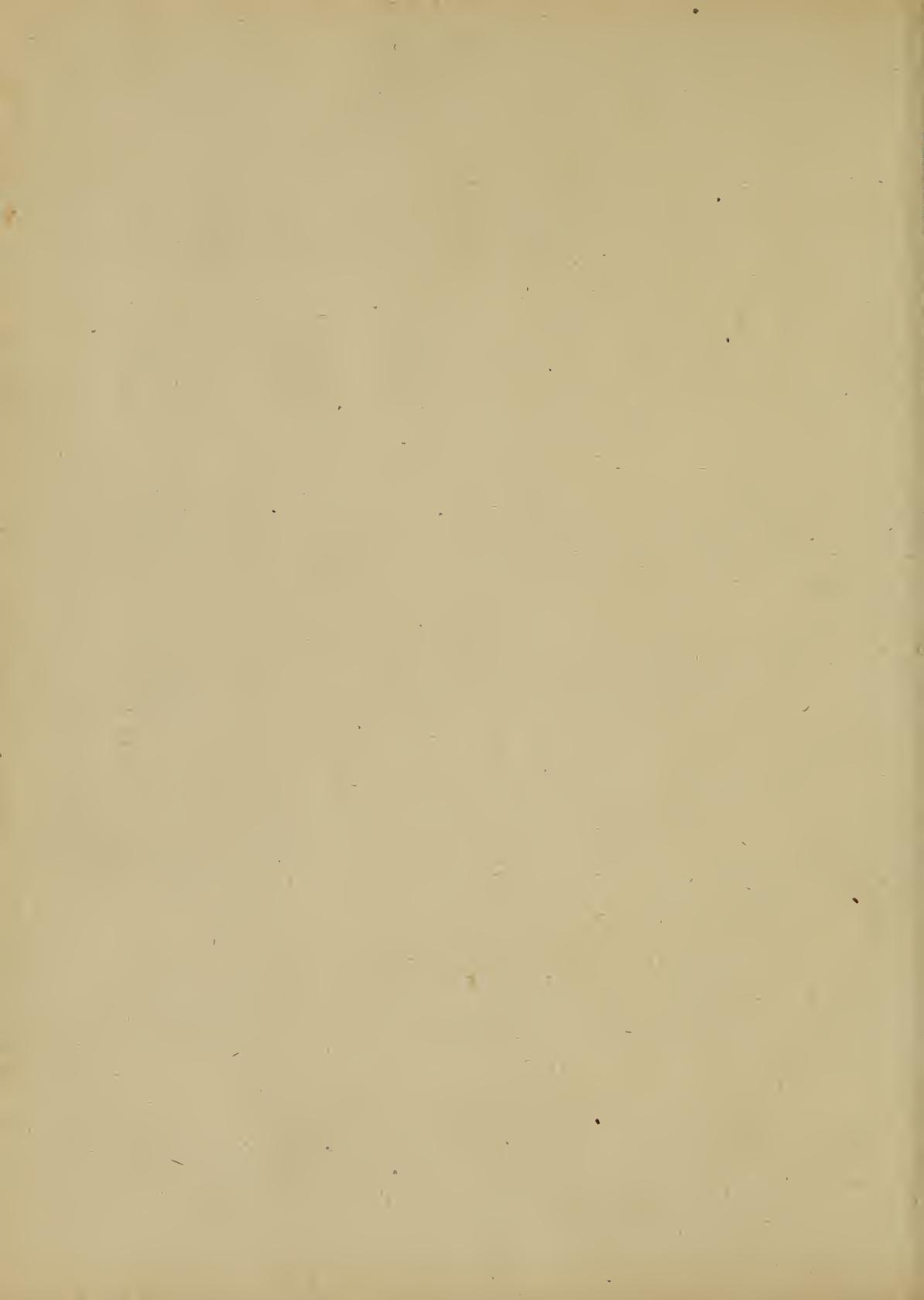
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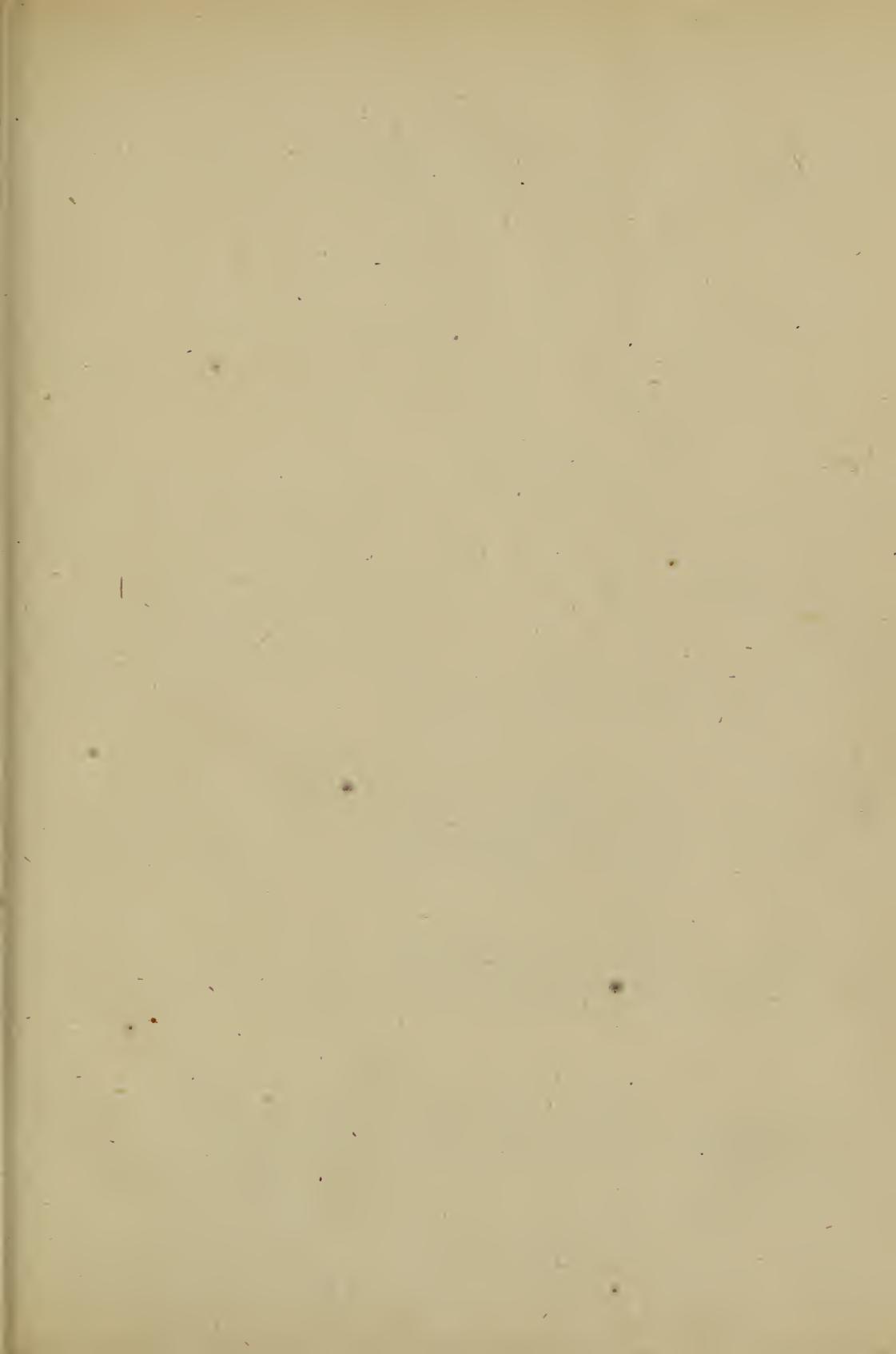
A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY. [London] 1619.

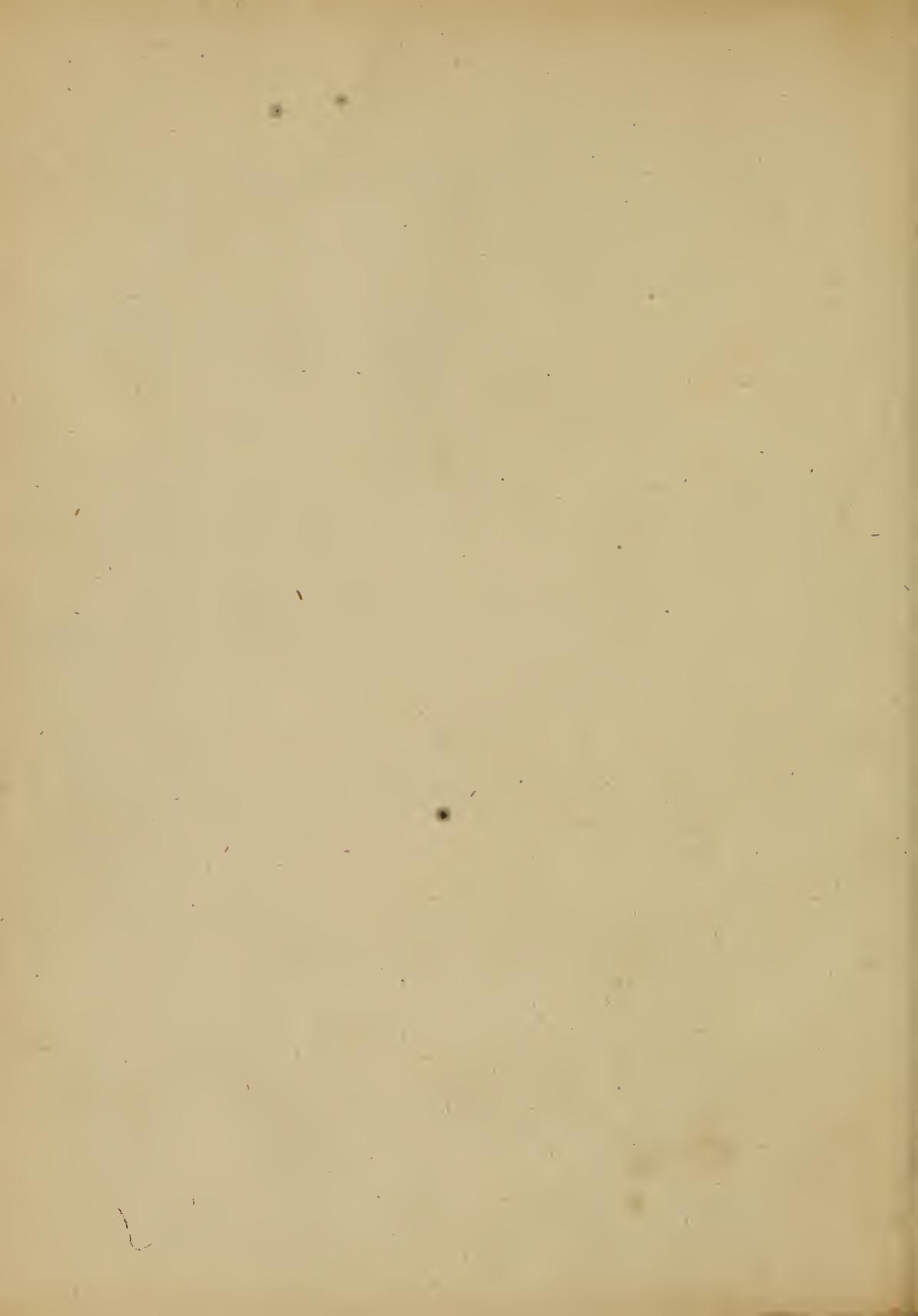
Of the spurious plays included in the Third Folio (1664) only this one was attributed to Shakespeare in his lifetime. His name appeared on the title page of the 1608 edition. Shakespeare's friends rejected it in compiling the First Folio, however.











A  
YORKSHIRE  
TRAGEDIE.

*Not so New, as Lamentable  
and True.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



Printed for T. P. 1619.

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♀ 21 not born

# ALL'S ONE,

O R,

*One of the four Plaies in one, called a  
Yorkshire Tragedy. As it was plaid by  
the Kings Maiesties Players.*

*Enter Oliver and Raphe, two seruingmen.*



Liuer. Sirrah Raphe, my young Mistris  
is in such a pittifull passionate humour  
for the long absence of her loue.

Raphe. Why can you blame her, why,  
Apples hanging longer on the tree the  
when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, viz. Mad  
wenches because they are not gathered in time, are  
faine to drop of themselues, and then tis common  
you know for euery man to take them vp.

Oliver. Masle thou saist true, tis common indeede,  
but srrah, is neyther our young Master returned, nor  
our fellow Sam come from London?

Raphe. Neyther of eyther, as the Puritan Bawde  
sayes. Slid I heare Sam, Sam's come, heere tarry,  
come ifaith, now my nose itches for newes.

Oliver. And so doth mine elbow.

*Sam calls within.* Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, looke you walke my horse with discreti-

A

on,

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

on, I haue rid him simply, I warrant his skin sticke to his backe with very heate, if he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well serued, were I not? What *Raphe* and *Oliuer*.

*Am.* Honest fellow *Sam*, welcome ifaith, what tricks hast thou brought from London?

*Furnyght with things from London.*

*Sam.* You see I am hangd after the truest fashion, three hats, and two glasses bobbing vpon them, two rebato wyers vpon my brest, a capcase by my side, a brush at my backe, an Almanacke in my pocket, and three ballats in my codpice, nay I am the true picturc of a common seruingman.

*Oliuer.* Ile sweare thou art, thou maist set vp when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with lesse I can tell thee, that proues a rich man ere he dies, but whats the newes from London, *Sam*?

*Raphe.* I that's well sed, what is the newes from London, Sirrah. My young Mistresse keepes such a pulling for her Loue.

*Sam.* Why the more foole she, I, the more ninny-hammer she.

*Oliuer.* Why *Sam*, why?

*Sam.* Why he is married to another long agoe.

*Amb.* Faith ye ieast.

*Sam.* Why did you not know that till now? Why hee's married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note, that any woman beares the more when she is beaten.

*Raphe,* I that's true, for she beares the blowes.

*Oliuer.*

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Oliver.* Sirrah *Sam*, I would not for two yeares wages my young Mistresse knew so much, shee'd run vpon the left hand of her wit, and nere be her owne woman againe.

*Sam.* And I thinke she was blest in her Cradle, that he neuer came in her bed, why hee has consumed all, pawnd his lands, and made his Vniuersity Brother stand in waxe for him; There's a fine phrase for a scriuener, puh, he owes more then his skin is worth.

*Oliver.* Is't possible?

*Sam.* Nay, ile tell you moreouer, hee cals his Wife whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and his children bastards, as naturally as can be, but what haue we heere? I thought twas something puld downe my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poting-sticks, these came from London, now any thing is good heere that comes from London.

*Oliver.* I, farre fetcht you know.

*Sam.* But speake in your conscience ifaith, haue not we as good potingsticks i'th Country as need to be put i'th fire, the minde of a thing is all, and as thou saidst euен now, farre fetcht is the best things for Lades.

*Oliver.* I, and for waiting gentlewomen to.

*Sam.* But *Raphe*, is our Beere sowre this thunder?

*Raphe.* No, no, it holds countenance yet.

*Sam.* Why then follow me, I le teach you the finest humor to be drunk in, I learnt it at *London* last weeke.

*Amb.* Faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

*Sam.* The brauest humor, twould do a mangood to

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

be drunke in it, they cal it knighting in London, when  
they drinke vpon their knees.

*Amb.* Faith that's excellent.

Comie follow me, Ile giue you all the degrees of it in  
order.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wife.*

wife. What will become of vs ? all will away,  
My husband neuer ceasses in expence,  
Both to consume his credite and his house.  
And tis set downe by heauens iust decrec,  
That Ryots childe must needs be beggery.  
Are these the vertues that his youth did promise ?  
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight Reuels,  
Taking his bed with surfets. Ill besemming  
The ancient honour of his house and name :  
And this not all, but that which kils me most,  
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,  
The weaknesse of his state so much deiected,  
Not as a man repentant, but halfe mad,  
His fortunes cannot answere his expence :  
He sits and sullenly lockes vp his armes,  
Forgetting heauen, looks downward, which makes  
Him appeare so dreadfull, that he frights my heart :  
Walkes heauily, as if his soule were earth ;  
Not penitent for those his sins are past,  
But vext, his money cannot make them last :  
A fearefull melancholy, vngodly sorrow.  
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of ils  
Ile speake to him, and I will heare him speake,  
And do my best to driue it from his heart.

*Enter*

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Enter Husband.*

*Hus.* Pox of the last throw, it made  
Fiue hundred Angels vanish from my sight,  
I me damnd, I me damnd, the Angels haue forsook me  
Nay tis certainly true : for he that has no coyne,  
Is damnd in this world ; hee's gone, hee's gone.

*Wife.* Deere husband.

*Hus.* Oh ! most punishment of all, I haue a wife.  
*wife.* I do intreat you as you loue your soule,  
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

*Hus.* A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,  
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*

*wife.* Bad, turnd to worse ?  
Both beggery of the soule as of the body.  
And so much vnlike himselfe at first,  
As if some vexed spirit had got his forme vpon him.

*Enter Husband againe.*

He comes againe,  
He saies I am the cause, I neuer yet  
Spoke lesse then words of duty and of loue.

*Hus.* If marriage bee honourable, then Cuckolds  
are honourable, for they cannot bee made without  
marriage.

Foole, what meant I to marry to get beggers ?  
Now must my eldest sonne be a knaue or nothing, he  
cannot liue vpot'h foole, for he will haue no land to  
maintaine him : that morgage sits like a snaffle vpon  
mine inheritance, and makes me chaw vpon Iron.

My second son must be a promoter, and my third  
a theefe, or an vnder-putter, a flauie Pander.

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put  
a man.

I thinke the diuell scornes to be a Bawd.

He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on  
his credite.

Base, slauish, abiect, filthy pouerty.

*Wi.* Good sir, by all our vowes I do beseech you,  
Shew me the true cause of your discontent.

*Hus.* Mony, mony, mony, & thou must supply mee.

*Wi.* Alasse, I am the least cause of your discontent,  
Yet what is mine, either in rings or iewels,  
Vse to your owne desire, but I beseech you,  
As you are a gentleman by many bloods,  
Though I my selfe be out of your respect,  
Thinke on the state of these three louely boyes  
You haue bin father to.

*Hu.* Puli, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks,  
begot in tricks.

*Wi.* Heauen knowes how those words wrong me,  
But Ile endure these griefes among a thousand more  
Oh call to minde your Lands already morgadge,  
Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,  
At the Vniuersity in bonds for you,  
Like to be ceaz'd vpon. And —

*Hu.* Ha done thou harlot,  
Whom though for fashion I married,  
I never could abide. Thinkst thou thy words  
Shall kill my pleasures, fall off to thy friends,  
Thou and thy bastards beg, I will not bate  
A whit in humor ; Midnight still I loue you,

And

# A Yorkshire Tragedy.

And reuell in your company ; Curb'd in,  
Shall it be said in all societies,  
That I broke custome, that I flagd in money,  
No, those thy iewels, I will play as freely,  
As when my state was fullest.

*Wife.* Be it so.

*Hus.* Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest,

*He spurns her.*

I will for euer hold thee in contempt,  
And neuer touch the sheetes that couer thee,  
But be diuorst in bed, till thou consent,  
Thy dowry shall be solde to giue new life  
Vnto those pleasures which I most affect.

*Wife.* Sir, do but turne a gentle eye on me,  
And what the law shall giue me leaue to do,  
You shall command.

*Hus.* Looke it be done, shall I want dust,  
And like a slau weare nothing in my pockets

*Holds his hands in his Pockets.*

But my hands to fill them vp with nayles ?  
Oh much against my blood, let it be done,  
I was neuer made to be a looker on :  
A baud to dice ; Ile shake the drabs my selfe,  
And make them yeeld, I say looke it be done.

*Wife.* I take my leaue, it shal.

*Exit.*

*Hus.* Speedily, speedily, I hate the very houre I chose  
a Wife, a trouble, trouble, three children like threc  
euil shang vpon me, fie, fie, fie, strumpet and bastards,  
strumpet and bastards.

*Enter.*

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1. Gent. Still do these loathsome thoughts iarde on  
your tongue. Your selfe to staine the honour of your Wife,  
Nobly discended ; those whom men call mad,  
Endangers others, but hee's more then mad  
That wounds himselfe, whose owne words  
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2. Gent. Good sir, let modesty reproue you.

3. Gent. Let honest kindnes sway so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do you ? adieu,  
I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter a seruant.

Hus. How now sirha, what would you ?

Ser. Onely to certifie you sir, that my Mistris was  
met by the way, by them who were sent for her vp to  
London by her honourable Vnckle, your Worships  
late gardian.

Hus. So sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,  
But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of,  
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at  
home.

Exit seruant.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who me ? chide me ? doo't finely then, let it  
not moue me, for if thou chidst me angry, I hal strike.

Gent. Strike thine owne follies, for it is they

Deserues

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

Deserue to be well beaten ; wee are now in priuate,  
Ther's none but thou and I, thou art fond & peenish,  
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and credite  
Lie now both sicke of a consumption,  
I am sorry for thee; that man spends with shame,  
That with his riches doth consume his name,  
And such art thou.

*Hus.* Peace.

*Gent.* No thou shalt heare me further.  
Thy fathers and fore-fathers worthy honors,  
Which were our Country monuments, our grace,  
Follies in thee begin now to deface,  
The spring time of thy youth did fairely promise  
Such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends  
It scarce can enter into mens beleefes,  
Such deārth should hang on thee, we that see it,  
Are sorry to beleue it : in thy change,  
This voice into all places will be hurld :  
Thou and the diuell has deceiu'd the world.

*Hus.* Ile not endure thee.

*Gent.* But of all the wōrst,  
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied,  
Thou hast proclaimid a strumpet.

*Hus.* Nay then I know thee,  
Thou art her Champion thou, her priuate friend,  
The party you wot on.

*Gent.* Oh ignoble thought,  
I am past my patient blood, shall I stand idle  
And see my reputation toucht to death.

*Hus.* This has galde you, has it ?

B

*Gent.*

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Gent.* No monster, I proue  
My thoughts did onely tend to vertuous loue.  
*Hus.* Loue of her vertues? there it goes.  
*Gent.* Base spirit, to lay thy hate vpon  
The fruitfull honour of thine owne bed.

*They fight, and the Husband is hurt.*

*Hus.* Oh.  
*Gent.* Wilt thou yeeld it yet?  
*Hus.* Sir, sir, I haue not done with you.  
*Gent.* I hope nor nere shall do. *Fight agen.*  
*Hus.* Haue you got tricks? are you in cunning with  
me?  
*Gent.* No, plaine and right.  
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

*Husband falleth downe.*

*Hus.* Hard fortune, am I leueld with the ground?  
*Gent.* Now sir, you lie at mercy.  
*Hus.* I you flauie.  
*Gen.* Alas, that hate should bring vs to our graue,  
You see my sword's not thirsty for your life,  
I am sorrier for your wound, then your selfe,  
Y'are of a vertuous house, shew vertuous deeds,  
Tis not your honour, tis your folly bleeds,  
Much good has beene expected in your life,  
Cancell not all mens hopes, you haue a Wife,  
Kinde and obedient: heape not wrongfull shame  
On her and your posterity, let onely sinne be sore,  
And by this fall, rise neuer to fall more.  
And so I leauie you.

*Exit.*

*Hus.* Has the dogge left me then

*After*

# A Yorkshire Tragedy.

After his tooth hath left me ? Oh, my heart  
Would faine leape after him, reuenge I say,  
Ime mad to be reueng'd, my strumpet Wife,  
It is thy quarrell that rips thus my flesh,  
And makes my brest spit blood, but thou shalt bleed :  
Vanquisht ? got downe ? vnable eene to speake ?  
Surely tis want of money makes men weake,  
I, twas that ore-threw me, Ide nere bene downe else.

Exit.

*Enter wife in a riding suite, with a seruingman.*

Ser. Faithmistris, if it may not be presumption  
In me to tell you so, for his excuse  
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had, but alasse,  
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad,  
Tis grecce enough within doores; at first sight  
Mine Vnkle could run ore his prodigall life  
As perfectly, as if his serious eyc  
Had numbred all his follies :  
Knew of his morgagde lands, his friends in bonds,  
Himselfe withered with debt ; And in that minute  
Had I added his vsage and vnkindnesse,  
Twould haue confounded euery thought of good,  
Where now, fatering his ryots on his youth,  
Which time and tame experience will shake off,  
Guessing his kindnes to me (as I smoothd him  
With all the skill I had) though his desarts  
Are in forme vglier then an vnshapte Beare.  
Hee's ready to prefer him to some Office  
And place at Court ; a good and sure releefe

B 2

To

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

To all his stooping fortunes, twil be a meanes I hope  
To make new league betweene vs, and redeeme  
His vertues with his lands.

*Ser.* I should thinke so mistris, If he should not now  
be kinde to you, and loue you, and cherish you vp, I  
should thinke the diuell himselfe kept open house in  
him.

*Wife.* I doubt not but he will now, prethre leaue  
me, I thinke I heare him comming.

*Ser.* I am gone. Exit.

*Wi.* By this good meanes I shall preserie my lands,  
And free my husband out of vsurers hands :

Now there is no need of sale, my Vnckles kinde,  
I hope, if ought, this will content his minde,  
Here comes my husband. Enter Husband.

*Hus.* Now, are you come, where's the mony, lets  
see the mony, is the rubbish sold, those wiseakers  
your lands, why then, the mony, where is it? powre it  
downe, downe with it, downe with it, I say powre it  
on the ground; lets see it, lets see it!

*Wife.* Good sir, keepe but in patience, and I hope  
My words shall like you well, I bring you better  
Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.

*Hus.* Ha, what's that?

*Wife.* Pray doe not fright me sir, but vouchsafe me  
hearing. My Vnkle, glad of your kindnesse to me and  
milde vsage (for so I made it to him) hath in pitty of  
your declining fortunes, prouided a place for you at  
Court, of worth and credite; which so much ouer-  
joyed me

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Hus.* Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyed,  
When I me in torment. *spurns her.*  
Thou polliticke whore, subtiller then nine Diuels,  
was this thy iourny to Nuncke, to set downe the hi-  
story of me, my state and fortunes :  
Shall I, that dedicated my selfe to pleasure, bee now  
confinde in seruice to crouch and stand like an olde  
man i'th hams, my hat off, I that could neuer abide to  
vncouer my head i'th Church, base slut, this fruite  
beares thy complaints.

*Wife.* Oh, heauen knowes,  
That my complaints were praises, and best words  
Of you, and your estate ; onely my friends  
Knew of your morgagde Lands, and were possest  
Of euery accident before I came.  
If you suspect it but a plot in me,  
To keepe my dowry, or for mine owne good,  
Or my poore childrens (though it lutes a mother  
To shew a naturall care in their releefes)  
Yet Ile forget my selfe to calme your blood,  
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,  
And all I wish, eene Clemency affoords,  
Giue me but pleasant lookes and modest words.

*Hus.* Money whore, money, or Ile—  
*Drawes his Dagger.* Enter a seruant hastily.  
What the diuell ? how now ? thy hasty newes.

*Ser.* May it please you sir.

*Hus.* What ? may I not looke vpon my dagger ?  
Speake villaine, or I will execute the point on thee :  
quicke, short.

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Ser.* Why sir, a gentleman from the Vniuersity staies  
below to speake with you.

*Hus.* From the Vniuersity? so, Vniuersity,  
That long word runs through me. *Exit.*

*Wife.* Was euer Wife so wretchedly beset?  
Had not this newes stept in betweene, the point  
Had offered violence vnto my breft.  
That which some women call great misery,  
Would shew but little here : would scarce be seene  
Among my miseries : I may compare  
For wretched fortunes, with all vvives that are,  
Nothing will please him, vntill all be nothing.  
He calles it slauery to be preserd,  
A place of credite, a base seruitude.  
What shall become of me, and my poore children?  
Two here, and one at nurse, my pretty beggers,  
I see how ruine with a palsie hand  
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust :  
The heauy weight of sorrow, drawes my lids  
Ouer my dankish eyes : I can scarce see ;  
Thus greefe will last, it wakes and sleepes with me.

*Enter the Husband with the Master of the Colledge.*

*Hus.* Please you draw neere sir, y'are exceeding  
welcome.

*Mai.* That's my doubt, I feare I come not to be wel-  
come.

*Hus.* Yes, howsoeuer.

*Mai.* Tis not my fashion sir, to dwell in long circum-  
stance, but to be plaine and effectuall; therefore to  
the purpose.

The

## A Yorkshire Tragedy.

The cause of my setting foorth, was pitious & lamentable ; that hopefull young gentleman your brother, whose vertues we all loue deereley, through your default and vnnaturall negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope strook dead, and the pride of his youth muſſed in these darke clouds of oppression.

Hus. Hum, hum, hum.

Maſt. Oh you haue kild the towardest hope of all our Vniuersity, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect pandorus and fuddaine iudgments to fall grieuously vpon you ; your brother, a man who profited in his diuine imployments, and might haue made ten thousand soules fit for heauen, now by your carelesſe courses cast in prison, which you must anſwere for, and assure your ſpirit it will come home at length.

Hus. Oh God, oh,

Maſt. Wile men think ill of you, others ſpeake ill of you, no man loues you, nay, euēn thofe whom honeſty condemnes, condemne you : and take this from the vertuous affection I beare your brother, neuer looke for prosperous houre, good thought, quiet ſleepes, contented walkes, nor any thing that makes man perfect, til you redeeme him : What is your anſwer, how will you bestow him ? vpon desperate miſery, or better hopes ? I ſuffer till I heare your anſwere.

Hus. Sir, you haue much wrought with me, I feele you in my ſoule, you are your artes master. I neuer had ſence til now ; your ſyllables haue cleſt me : Both for your words and pains I thankē you : I cannot bug

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

but acknowledge greeuous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.  
Within there.

*Enter a seruingman.*

*Hus.* Fill me a bowle of wine. Alas poore brother,  
Bruised with an execution for my sake.

*Ma.* A bruise indeed makes many a mortall sore,  
Till the graue cure them. *Enter with wine.*

*Hus.* Sir, I begin to you, y'auē chid your welcome:

*Mr.* I could haue wisht it better for your sake,  
I pledge you sir, to the kinde man in prison.

*Hus.* Let it be so.

Now Sir, if you so please to spend but a few minutes  
in walking about my grounds below, my man shall  
heere attend you : I doubt not but by that time to be  
furnisht of a sufficient answere, and therein my Bro-  
ther fully satisfied.

*Mr.* Good sir, in that the Angels would be pleased,  
and the worlds murmures calmd, and I should say I  
set foorth then vpon a lucky day. *Exit.*

*Hus.* Oh thou confused man, thy pleasant sins haue  
vndone thee, thy damnation has beggerd thee, that  
heauen should say we must not sin, and yet made wo-  
men: giues our fences way to finde pleasure; which  
being found, confounds vs, why shoule wee know  
those things so much misuse vs? Oh would vertue  
had beeene forbidden, wee shoule then haue prooued  
all vertuous, for tis our blood to loue what wee are  
forbidden; had not drunkennesse beeene forbidden,  
what man would haue beeene foole to a beast, and za-  
ny

## *A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

ny to a swine, to shew tricks in the mire, what is there  
in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thou-  
sand acres into the compasse of a little round table,  
and with the gentlemans palsey in the hand shake out  
his posterity, theues, or beggers; tis done, I haue  
don't ifaith: terrible, horrible misery. —— how  
well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shewed like a full Moone about me, but  
now the Moone's in the last quarter, waining, wain-  
ing, and I am mad to thinke that Moone was mine:  
mine and my fathers, and my fore-fathers genera-  
tions, generations, downe goes the house of vs, down,  
downe it sinkes: Now is the name a beggar, begs in  
me that name which hundreds of yeares has made  
this thiere famous; in me and my posterity runs out.

In my seede fwe are made miserable besides my  
selfe; my ryot is now my brothers iaylor, my Wiues  
sighing, my three boyes penurie, and mine own con-  
fusion.

### *He teares his haire.*

Why sit my haires vpon my cursed head?  
Will not this poyson scatter them? oh my brother's  
In execution among diuels that stretch him:  
And make him giue; and I in want,  
Not able for to liue, nor to redeeme him.  
Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,  
But in my heart her seuerall torments dwell,  
Slauery and misery. Who in this case  
Would not take vp money vpon his soule?  
Pawne his saluation, liue at interest:

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

I, that did euer in abundance dwell,  
For me to want, exceeds the throwes of hell.

*Enter his little sonne, with a top and scourge.*

*Son.* What aisle you father, are you not well, I can-  
not scourge my top as long as you stand so : you take  
vp all the roome with your wide legs, puh, you can-  
not make me affraid with this, I feare no vizards, nor  
bugbeares.

*He takes vp the child by the skirts of his long coate in one  
hand, and drawes his dagger with the other.*

*Hus.* Up sir, for heere thou hast no inheritance left.

*Sonne.* Oh what will you do father, I am your white  
boy. *strikes him.*

*Hus.* Thou shalt be my red boy, take that.

*Son.* Oh you hurt me father.

*Hus.* My eldest beggar, thou shalt not liue to aske an  
vsurer bread, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow,  
good your Honor by a Coach, no, nor your brother:  
tis charity to braine you.

*Son.* How shall I learne, now my head's broke ?

*Hu.* Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *stabs him.*  
Be not thy names disgrace :

Spurne thou thy fortunes first, if they be base :

Come view thy second brother : Fates,

My childrens bloud shall spin into your faces,

You shall see,

How confidently we scorne beggery.

*Exit with his sonne.*

*Enter a maid with a childe in her armes, the*

*Mother*

*A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

*Mother by her aslepe.*

*M.* Sleep sweet babe, sorrow makes thy mother sleep,  
It boades small good when heauinesse falleth so deepe,  
Hush pretty boy, thy hopes might haue bene better,  
Tis lost at Dice, what ancient honour won,  
Hard when the father plaies away the Sonne :  
Nothing but misery serues in this house,  
Ruine and desolation ; oh.

*Enter Husband with the boy bleeding.*

*Hus.* Whore, giue me that boy.

*he striues with her for the childe.*

*Maid.* Oh helpe, helpe; out alas, murder, murder.

*Hus.* Are you gossiping, prating sturdy queane,  
Ile breake your clamour with your necke,  
Downe staires ; tumble, tumble, headlong,

*He throwes her downe.*

So, the surest way to charme a womans tongue,  
Is breake her necke, a Polititian did it.

*Son.* Mother, mother, I am kild mother.

*His wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngest.*

*Wife.* Ha, who's that cride ? Oh me my children,  
Both, both, both ; bloudy, bloudy.

*Hus.* Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

*Wife.* Oh my sweete husband.

*Hus.* Filth, Harlot.

*Wife.* Oh what will you do deere husband ?

*Hus.* Giue me the bastard.

*Wife.* Your owne sweete boy.

*Hus.* There are too many beggers.

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Wife. Good my husband.

Hus. Dost thou preuent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

Stabs at the childe in her armes, & gets it from her.

Hus. Haue at his heart.

Wife. Oh my deare boy.

Hus. Brat, thou shalt not liue to shame thy house.

Wife. Oh heauen. She is hurt and sinks downe.

Hus. And perish, now be gone,

Ther's whores enow, and want would make thee onc.

Enter a lusty seruant.

Ser. Oh sir, what deeds are these?

Hus. Base slaue, my vassaile,

Com'st thou betweene my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the diuell, I would hold you sir.

Hus. Hold me? presumption, Ile vndo thee for it.

Ser. Sbloud, you haue vndone vs all sir.

Hus. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a monster.

Hus. Haue I no power, shall my slaue fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the diuell wrastles, I am throwne.

Husband ouercomes him.

Hus. Oh villaine, now Ile tug thee, now Ile teare thee, set quicke spurs to my vassaile, bruize him, trample him; so, I thinke thou wilt not follow me in haste. My horse stands ready sadled, away, away, Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking begger; Fates, Ile not leauue you one to trample onc.

The

# A Yorkshire Tragedy.

The Master meetes him.

Mr. How ist with you sir, me-thinks you looke of a  
distracted colour.

Hus. Who I sir, is but your fancy,  
Please you walke in sir, and Ile soone resolute you,  
I want one small part to make vp the sum,  
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mr. I shall be glad to see it, sir Ile attend you.

Exeunt.

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heauie vp my selfe,  
He has so bruizd me with his diuellish waight,  
And torne my flesh with his bloud-hasty spur,  
A man before of easie constitution,  
Till now hels power supplied; to his soules wrong,  
Oh how damnation can make weake men strong.

Enter Master and two seruants.

Ser. Oh the most pittious deed sir since you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting; hath he sumad vp these  
To satisfie his brother? heere's another,  
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mr. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recouers life,  
One of his men all faint and bloudied.

I. Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has tooke  
Horse to kill his childe at nurse, oh follow quickly.

Mr. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge  
To raise the Towne upon him.

Exit Master and seruants.

I. Ser. Good sir follow him.

# A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Wife. Oh my children.

I.Ser. How is it with my most afflicted Mistris?

Wife. Why do I now recover? why halfe liue?  
To see my children bleed before mine eies,  
A sight, able to kill a Mothers breast without an ex-  
ecutioner; what art thou mangled too?

I.Ser. I thinking to preuent what his quicke mis-  
chieves had so soone acted, came and rusht vpon him,  
We strugled, but a fowler strength then his  
Ore-threw me with his armes, then did he bruize me  
And rent my flesh, and rob'd me of my haire,  
Like a man mad in execution,  
Made me vnfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has begylde him of all grace?  
And stole away humanity from his brest,  
To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,  
And spoyle his seruants.

Enter two seruants.

Ambo. Please you leauue this accursed place,  
A surgeon waites within.

Wife. Willing to leauue it.  
Tis guilty of sweete bloud, innocent bloud,  
Murder hath tooke this chamber with full hands,  
And will not out as long as the house stands.

Exeunt.

Enter Husband, as being throwne of his  
Horse, and falles.

Hus. Oh stumbling Iade, the spaun ouertake thee,  
The fifty diseases stop thee;  
Oh, I am sorely bruisde, plague founder thee,

Thou

# A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Thou runst at ease and pleasure, hart of chance,  
To throw me now, within a flight o'th Towne,  
In such plaine ecuen ground,  
Sfoot, a man may dice vpon it, and throw away the  
Medowes, ah filthy beast.

*Cry within.*

Follow, follow, follow.

*Hus.* Ha? I heare sounds of men, like hew and cry,  
Vp, vp, and struggle to thy horse, make on,  
Dispatch that little begger, and all's done..

*Cry within.*

Heere, this way, this way.

*Hus.* At my backe? oh,  
What fate haue I, my limbes deny me to go,  
My will is bared, beggery claimes a part,  
Oh could I heare reach to the infants heart.

*Enter Master of the Colledge, three Gentle-  
men, and others with Holberds.*

*All.* Heere, heere, yonder, yonder.

*Ma.* Vnnaturall, flinty, more then barbarous,  
The *Scythians* in their marble hearted fates,  
Could not haue acted more remorselesse deeds.  
In their relentlesse natures, then these of thine:  
Was this the answer I long waited on,  
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?

*Hus.* He can haue no more of vs, then our skins,  
And some of them want but fleing.

*1. Gent.* Great sinnes haue made him impudent.

*Ma.* Has shed so much blood that he cannot blush.

*2. Gent.*

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices,  
A gentleman of worship dwels at hand,  
There shall his deeds be blazed.

Hus. Why all the better,  
My glory tis to haue my action knowne,  
I greeue for nothing, but I mist of one.

Mr. There's little of a father in that grieve;  
Bear him away. Exeunt.

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endangered so his Wife, murdered his  
children?

1. Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I ere knew him,  
That euer he tooke life and naturall being  
From such an honoured stocke, and faire discent,  
Till this blacke minute without staine or blemish.

1. Gent. Heere come the men.

Enter the Master of the Colledge, and the rest.

Knight. The Serpent of his house: I me sorry for  
this time, that I am in place of justice.

Mr. Please you sir, to be constell of justice.

Knight. Do not repeate it twice, I know too much,  
Would it had nere bene thought on.

Sir, I bleed for you.

1. Gent. Your fathers sorrowes are aliue in me;  
What made you shew such monstrous cruelty?

Hus. In a word sir, I could drown of badl

## *A Yorkshire Tragedy.*

I haue consumd all, plaid away long acre,  
And I thought it the chariblest deed I could do,  
To cussen beggery, and knock my house o'th head.

*Kni.* I do not thinke but in to morrowes iudgment  
The terror will sit closer to your soule,  
When the dread thought of death remembers you,  
To further which, take this sad voyce from me,  
Neuer was acte plaid more vnnaturally.

*Hus.* I thanke you sir.

*Knight.* Goe leade him to the Layle,  
Where iustice claimes all, there must pitty faille.

*Hus.* Come, come, away with me.

*Exit prisoner.*

*Mr. Sir,* you deserue the worship of your place,  
Would all did so, in you the law is grace.

*Knight.* It is my wish it should be so ;  
Ruinous man, the desolation of his house,  
The blot vpon his predecessors honord name :  
That man is neerest shaine that's past shame.

*Exit.*

*Enter Husband with the Officers, The Master and Gentlemen, as going by his house.*

*Hus.* I am right against my house, seate of my ancestors ; I heare my wife's aliue, but much endangered ; let me intreate to speake with her before the prison gripe me.

*Enter his Wife, brought in a Chaire.*

*Gent.* See heere, she comes of her selfe.

*Wife.* Oh my sweete husband, my deere distressed husband, now in the hands of vnrelenting lawes ; my

D

grea-

## A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Then former sorrowes made me.

*Mr.* Oh kinde W<sup>if</sup>e, be comforted,  
One ioy is yet vnmurdered,

You haue a boy at Nurse, your ioye's in him.

*Wife.* Dearer then all is my poore husbands life :  
Heauen giue my body strength, which yet is faint  
With much expence of blood, and I will kneele,  
Sue for his life, number vp all my friends,

To plead for pardon for my deare husbands life ?

*Mr.* Was it in man to wound so kinde a creature ?  
Ile cuer praise a woman for thy sake.

I must returne with griefe, my answer's set,  
I shall bring newes weighes heauier then the debt.  
Two brothers ; one in bond lies ouerthowne,  
This, on a deadlier execution.

**F I N I S.**

